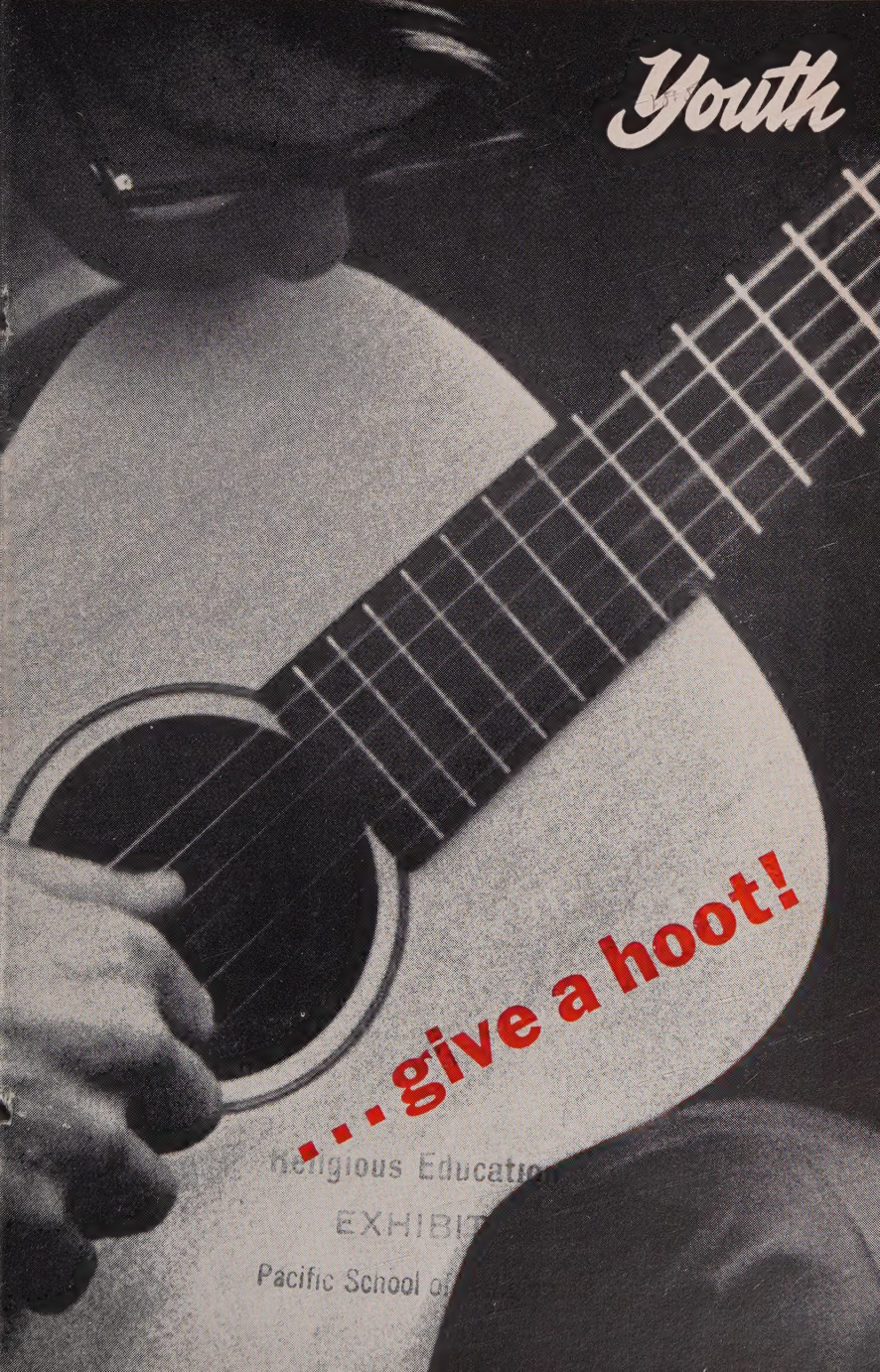

Religious Educatio
EXHIBI
Pacific School o

BALLADS U.S.A

HE GREAT REVIVAL

many years it was said—and not without cause—that the majority of ng Americans don't like any music they can't dance to. Just think back the musical fads of recent times, and you'll realize that the "dance" part the "song-and" combination almost always had the upper hand. The cing jitterbug of the '40's, the rock-and-rollitis which spread like the erbial plague during the '50's, and the Twist, that sinuous sensation of '60's: all were firmly grounded in the vigorous, surging rhythms of the ce. What's more, the songs in these styles that hogged the best-seller rts were (to be charitable about it) not exactly representative of the est standards of musical achievement. Most of them, in fact, were quite ply predicated on the assumption that people would be too busy swing- swaying, stomping, swiveling or scrambling around the dance floor to ner about such insignificant details as dull-witted melodies or inane lyrics.

ut now suddenly things have changed. All over America, young people *listening* to music again—they are responding to the heady, melodious gs of the folk. They are harkening to the mournful cowboy ballads and rigorous work chants of the railroad men; to the eloquent, inspiring go spirituals and the electric songs of the Gospel; to classic ballads of turies past and the impassioned new protest songs: tomorrow's folk music he making.

ll in all, it has really been a remarkable transformation. Not ten years , the term "hootenanny" was the exclusive province of small, arty cliques he big cities. Today it belongs to everyone. Hoots are heard regularly he public airwaves. They pop up at schools and colleges, at homes and ties, indeed wherever young people gather. One resourceful scholar re- tly came up with the astounding statistic that more people attended tenannies in America last year than went to all the major and minor ue baseball games combined. And they went to these hoots not to dance, to listen. To listen, and of course, to sing themselves, in the true folk ition which is older than our country itself. Folk music, almost a casualty ur ultra-modern, ultra-sophisticated society, has made a dramatic come- k. The people's music has returned to the people.

ow if evidences of the folk music revival are everywhere to be found, oots are far more diffuse and difficult to trace. It would seem, though, they were planted during the Second World War. In the preface of r entertaining *Treasury of Folk Songs*, Sylvia and John Kolb write: "Folk ic has proved a potent method of broadcasting ideas and expressing tions. It has always flourished in periods of upheaval." Certainly the t conflict forced Americans in the early 1940's into a re-examination and -affirmation of our country's ideals, and the process fostered a new inter-

Youth

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The Weavers

Harry Belafonte

ls loved the blues, ballads and folk tunes

and pride in all our achievements. This, of course, included folk music, particularly vital and colorful part of our American heritage. But surely re important than theoretical concepts was the immediate need for music our fighting men. As they have since the days of the Revolutionary War, soldiers wanted songs to march by, to gripe by, to reminisce by. They ded music for inspiration, and for recreation too.

levitably they turned to the huge body of folk songs—ballads which sprung up through the years to answer just those basic and universal ires. We know that thousands of men grew to love blues and ballads and tunes of every description. And when they left the service, this love ed with them, laying groundwork for the revival that is in full swing ay. How prophetic was the great folklorist Alan Lomax when he wrote 1947: "Every passing day indicates that this quickening of interest in nemade songs is no temporary fad, but the advance ground swell of an portant cultural movement."

For all its increased popularity in the post-war years, though, folk music enjoyed nothing like the mass approval we know today. That phenome- apparently arose from the collective impact of a handful of performers erformers whose dynamic personalities blazed a trail of success that ers were bound to follow, and performers, above all, who once and for proved that the terms "folk" and "popular" were not mutually exclusive.

t's not easy to pinpoint any one spark as igniting the folk explosion, but urely is reasonable to say that a lion's share of the credit must go to the eavers. The famed quartet was organized in 1948, and within a couple of rs their recordings of "Goodnight Irene," "Tzena Tzena" and other folk es were perched right up on the Hit Parade. Then and there the gospel folk music began percolating through the land with ever increasing per- ssion.

Soon other brilliant performers took up the torch. A fellow named afonte came along with his sensuous voice and galvanic stage presence l made millions of more converts. He brought the Calypso craze to erica practically single-handedly, and went on to place spirituals, blues, n lullabies on the top of the pop charts. Burl Ives and Josh White were ong the veteran balladeers who found themselves performing to a greatly dening circle of admirers.

nd finally in 1959, the stage was set for the Kingston Trio to hit pay t with "Tom Dooley." Perhaps you don't recall the excitement that re- ding caused (hysteria would perhaps be a more apt term). It was just band on a new LP, but after a few months of egg-laying, the tune nehow caught on. Zooming overnight to nationwide popularity, it came ring out of every juke box. Record stores couldn't replenish their stocks t enough. The tune was broadcast 12 times a day by radio stations for

whom the playing of non-rock-and-roll music was a revolutionary departure from normalcy roughly equivalent, say, to a decision by Ed Sullivan to devote his Sunday show to a recital of Bach motets. "Tom Dooley Fan Clubs" sprang up in every state (even though poor Tom was long since dead and buried) and pilgrimages were undertaken to visit his tomb. The whole affair was the subject of a long picture-spread in *Life* magazine, and finally the Kingstons, totally unknown a few months earlier found themselves the most sought after entertainers in America.

Far more pertinent than the success of the group, naturally, was the fact that into the spotlight with the Kingstons went their folk songs. Teenagers in particular, having to their great surprise liked one folk tune, were eager to try on others for size. And on the other side of the footlights, one new ensemble after another was formed along Kingstonian lines to help supply this incredible new folk demand. Now in 1964, of course, there are more such groups than you can shake a guitar at, and their enormous success, along with the emergence to fame (if not fortune) of such young singers in traditional style as Joan Baez, is ample proof of the rebirth of the ballad as a driving, potent force on the American musical scene.

Well now let's assume that you've been convinced that folk music is a Good Thing, and move along to a very brief summary of some recordings which can start you along the road to a well-balanced and highly listenable folk collection. I'd like to say right off, incidentally, that I am going to skip completely the rich field of "ethnic" or "field" recordings. Granted that these discs comprise the only really "authentic" recordings, I feel that they are generally too specialized and esoteric for the beginning folk enthusiast. I would doubt, for instance, that many of you are passionately interested in singing along with "Music of the Falasha of Ethiopia" or even thumping along with "East Indian Drums of Tunapuna" (two items actually listed in the current catalogues). On the other hand, it goes without saying that the serious folk student, or indeed anyone who has been spurred on to a desire to hear traditional music in its purest form, can and should turn eventually to some of these difficult but fascinating discs.

To begin, then, one of the most pleasant and least expensive methods of getting acquainted with many different folk performers and styles is through the "sampler" or "hootenanny" records. Here on one disc you can hear four, five, sometimes up to a dozen singers—and apart from providing a delightfully varied concert in itself, it will also help you to decide which artists you particularly like and want to have more fully represented in your collection. Some fine samplers of this type include: **"Hoot Tonight,"** with the Gateway Singers, Lynn Gold, the Phoenix Singers, etc. **(Warner Bros. W. 1512); "Hootenanny"** with Marais and Miranda, Jo March, the Chad Mitchell Trio

"Tom Dooley" in 1959

nd Others **(Kapp KL 1330)**; **"Original Hootenanny"** featuring osh White, Judy Collins, Oscar Brand, t al. **(Crestview CRV 806)**; **"All Time Hootenanny Favorites,"** good pressings of vintage discs by Rich- Dyer-Bennet, Bob Gibson, Josh White, etc. **(Decca DL 4469)**; and **"All Star Hootenanny,"** a real porker of an assortment with high voltage performances by Leon Bibb, Pete Seeger, Bob Dylan, Carolyn Hester and many more **(Columbia CL 2122)**.

Oftentimes a singer does his best work "live"—that is, performing before an audience rather than within the cold confines of a recording studio. Folk singers especially tend to rely on a sense of communication with their audience, and so not surprisingly their "in concert" recordings tend to have greater warmth and spontaneity: even the occasional "goofs" (which would have been erased by retakes in the studio) add a touch of freshness and informality. Again I can't even begin to mention all the delectable discs of this sort, but here are a few of my favorites: Joan Baez, whose pure voice and sensitive, compelling manner have made her the queen of American balladeers, is heard to best advantage on her two **"In Concert"** albums **(Vanguard VRS 9112 and 9113)**; Theodore Bikel, master of many tongues and a lashing wit was recorded **"On Tour" (Elektra EKL 230)** and in New York's Town Hall **"Bravo Bikel", Elektra EKL 175)**; Odetta, with her powerful, deep contralto, is an unforgettable interpreter of spirituals and other folk songs on **"At**

Burl Ives

Peter, Paul and Mary

Joan Baez

The Kingston Trio

Odetta

By its very natur

Carnegie Hall" (Vanguard VRS 9076) and **"At the Gate of Horn" (Tradition TLP 1025)**; finally in **"Belafonte at Carnegie Hall" (Victor LOC 6006)** you'll have a remarkable two-disc set in which the inimitable Mr. Harry is joined by Odetta, Miriam Makeba (the vibrant South African singer) and the Chad Mitchell Trio.

Surely no folk collection would be complete without at least a smattering of discs by the "old timers," the balladeers who did so much to spur America's awareness of folk music long before it became fashionable (or profitable) to do so. Among these superb minstrels we can number the late Cisco Houston, whose **"Songs of Woody Guthrie" (Vanguard VRS 9089)** is an album of pure Americana; Pete Seeger, **"America's Tuning Fork"** whose discology is as varied as the folk scene itself—try his lively series of **"American Favorite Ballads" on Folkways 2320/1/2/3**; Burl Ives, who sometimes goes off the deep end with popsy arrangements of folk tunes, but is still tops when he sings 'em straight (as he does in **"The Wayfaring Stranger," Columbia CL 628,** and **"Ballads with Guitar," United Artists UAL 3060)**; Richard Dyer-Bennet, whose high-pitched tenor annoys the life out of some folkniks and enchants others (he has at least ten first-rate albums on his own label, Dyer-Bennet records); Marian Anderson, whose noble, impassioned collection of spirituals is not to be missed **(Victor LM 2592)**; and Josh White, who sings of the Negro people

lk music has withstood the test of time

n earthy and vivid tones (**"Spirituals and Blues," Elektra EKL 193**).

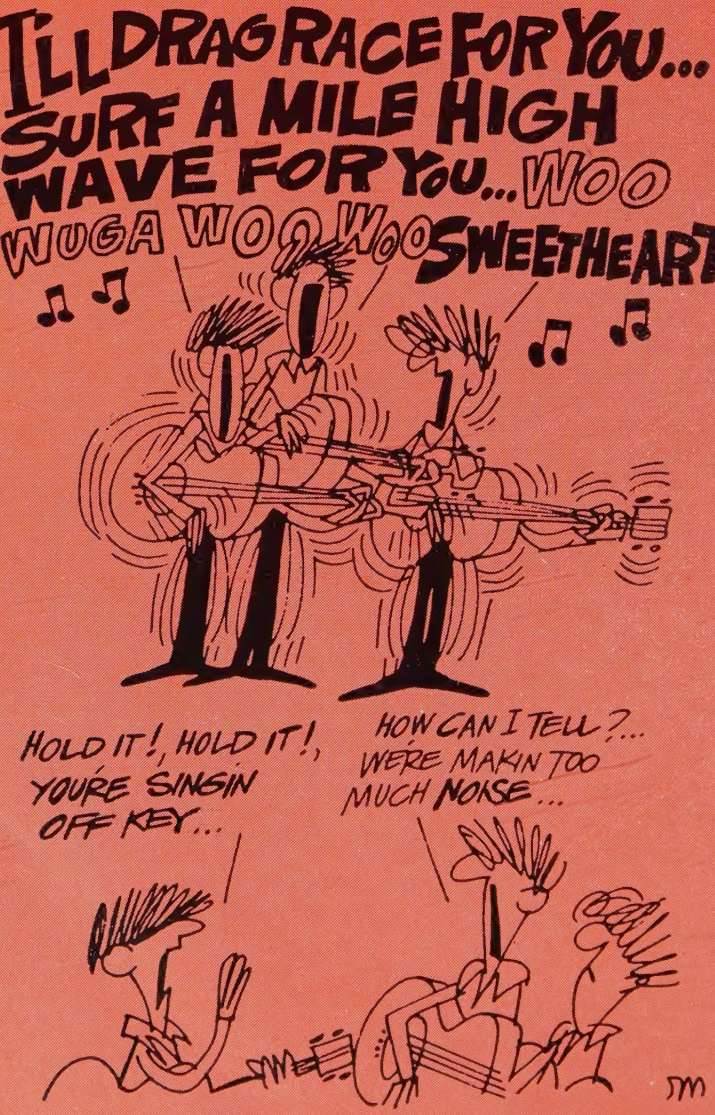
And then, of course, there are the folk groups, the trios and quartets and ven larger ensembles which have been springing up like weeds ever nce the Weavers and the Kingstons proved that there was gold as well as usic in them thar ballads. I find **"The Weavers Almanac" (Vanard VRS 9100)** one of their most satisfying discs, along with their wonful **"Fifteenth Anniversary Reunion Concert" (Vanguard VRS 130)**. As for the Kingstons, they passed the 20 album mark some time go, so you might just as well take your pick according to your preferences for the individual song titles. Still available, by the way, is their lassic debut disc, **"Tom Dooley"** and all **(Capitol T 996)**.

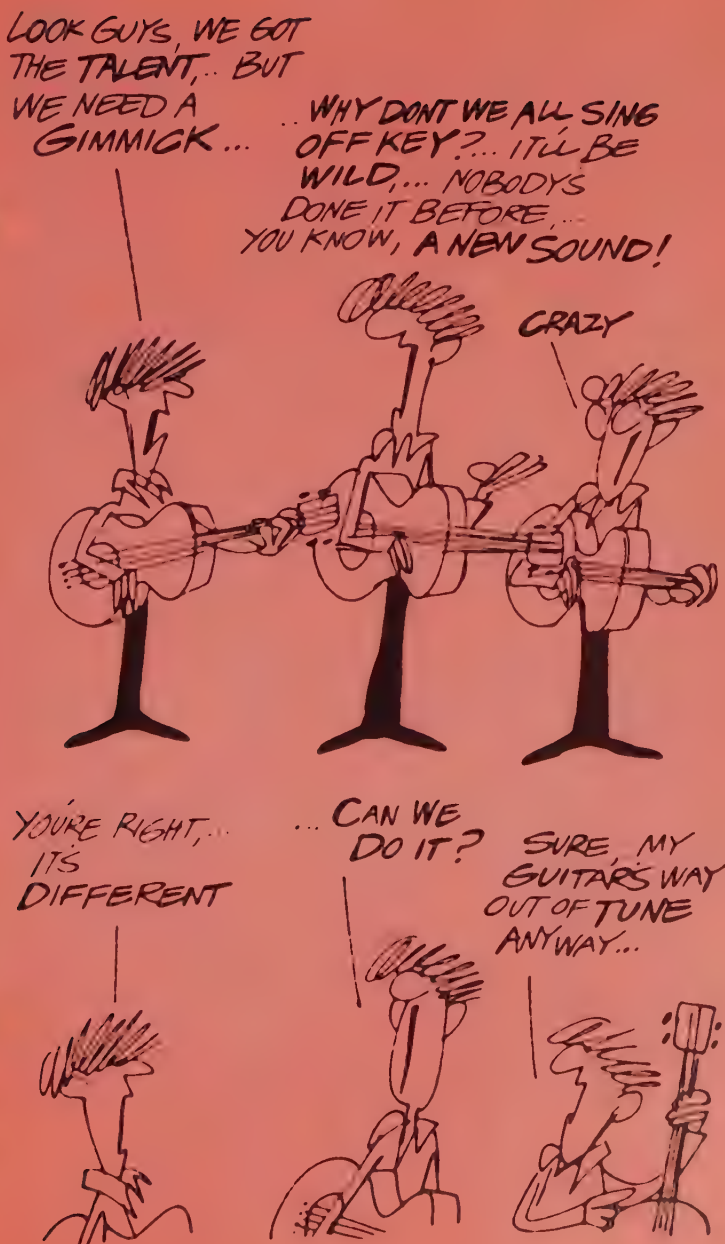
The styles of the literally dozens of other folk groups around range from ne near traditional to the almost-jazz (one group in the latter category calls self "The Modern Folk Quartet"), and so here again, you have to listen d be your own judge. Among the ensembles, I feel something out the ordinary are: The Chad Mitchell Trio, purveyors of the suave and soisticated (**"Mighty Day on Campus," Kapp KL 1262**); The Clancy rothers and Tommy Makem, ebullient troubadours from the Emerald Isle **Columbia CL 1648**); the Phoenix Singers, three men with mighty voices d musicianship to match (**Warner Bros. W 1485**); the New Christy instrels, eight guys, two gals, and a lot of excitement (**Columbia CL 372**); and Peter, Paul and Mary, a likeable threesome who seem to symlize the brash, yet sentimental outlook of so many modern minstrels **Warner Bros. W 1473**).

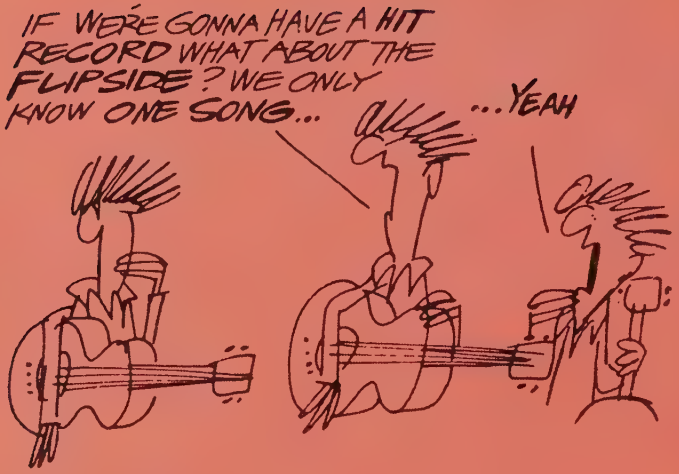
I think I need hardly stress that the above listing should in no way, shape form be construed as complete. I have, as noted earlier, omitted all menon of ethnic recordings, and limitations of space have also prompted me stay almost exclusively with American material. Moreover, even within ose artificial boundaries, there are any number of deserving artists and cordings which will be conspicuous by their absence. So please, don't ok on this rather random selection as definitive. Use it only as a tentative ide, remembering always that one man's musical meat may be another's u-know-what.

The main thing is for you to listen to this wonderful thing we call folk sic. Listen to it in all forms, not only in the carefully commercialized tings of pop-oriented singers, but also in the rugged, honest versions of en like Seeger and Houston. Listen to it also in the firm knowledge that is more than a fad, a passing fancy that will join all the others in the usical scrap heap a few years from now. Folk music, by its very nature, music that has withstood the test of time. There is no reason to assume at it will withstand it any less well in the future. —ROBERT SHERMAN

The Group


I'LL DRAG RACE FOR YOU... SURF A MILE HIGH WAVE FOR YOU... WOO WUGA WOO WOO SWEETHEART
HOLD IT!, HOLD IT!, YOU'RE SINGIN OFF KEY...
HOW CAN I TELL?... WE'RE MAKIN TOO MUCH NOISE...


LOOK GUYS, WE GOT THE TALENT,.. BUT WE NEED A GIMMICK...
..WHY DONT WE ALL SING OFF KEY?... ITLL BE WILD,... NOBODYS DONE IT BEFORE,... YOU KNOW, A NEW SOUND!
CRAZY
YOURE RIGHT,... ITS DIFFERENT
..CAN WE DO IT?
SURE, MY GUITARS WAY OUT OF TUNE ANYWAY...


IF WERE GONNA HAVE A HIT RECORD WHAT ABOUT THE FLIPSIDE? WE ONLY KNOW ONE SONG...
...YEAH

WAIT,... WE DONT HAVE NO NAME...

Yeah!
Yeah!
Yeah!

Folk songs are for singing, not for play . . . not for show . . .

A true folk singer sings "by heart" and not out of books. He never tries to impress an audience, because at his best he is a real artist. Sincerely he shares his love and knowledge of these things with *you rather than performing them* for *you. . . . Folk arts lose all their magic the instant they are exploited sensationally.*

—Richard Chase,
in *American Folk Tales and Songs*

Singing is as natural as breathing. A gang gathers around a piano A group sways to the strumming of a guitarist. Scouts huddle around a campfire. Hushed sports spectators rise to sing the national anthem or the school song. Old folks sing the melancholy songs of the "good ole days."

For the inner man, singing is important. It is a vitamin for weary spirits a means of communicating and sharing beauty, love or adoration. Without singing, how could the baby show happiness; or youth express joy in new romance; or a grateful person thank God for good health, friends and a share in the better world to come? To know a man is to know the songs he sings. To know a nation is to catch the spirit of its music. To know the mood of any age is to sense the mood and message of its music.

And so when a group sings, this singing is not simply recreation or entertainment. It is a chance for expression of feelings—humor, nostalgia, joy affection, beauty, dedication to a cause. Group singing is educational—learning about a people, a movement, a heritage. It is a oneness of spirit—

armony, empathy, worship. When a group sings, therefore, it ought to y to capture the meaning, the rhythm, and the feeling of the song or hymn spiritual it sings. Let us look at folk-singing in particular.

How do you tell the genuine folk song from the counterfeit, nd the honest folk singer from the phony? Usually you tell by the feel. y that hard-to-describe something inside that responds to the tale or the ne or the song. An easier way is to check a recent 650-page book, *Folk gers and Folk Songs in America*, which helps clear the cloudy stream listing 225 singers, 700 long-playing records, the ten big folk song llectors, and 844 folk song titles.

The author describes a folk song as a relatively simple form of music ith intrinsic beauty and universal appeal, which give it standing as a nuine art. It is music that has been submitted to the process of oral ansmission; it is an outgrowth of the common life of a community; it the product of evolution. And most of the folk songs we sing in this

country have grown out of our English and early American heritage.

Folk songs of other nations are currently growing in popularity and interest, especially among young people. American youth are part of the world of unrest and share the universal hunger for education, justice and fellowship. Singing is everywhere a vital part of youthful aspiration. What can be more important for wider understanding than to know the international folk songs?

Our first important collection of international folk songs was made in 1946-47 by the early International Voluntary Work Camps (now under the Youth Section, UNESCO, in Paris). *Work and Sing* had 110 songs, largely bi-lingual. To meet the expanding area of voluntary work camps, a companion pocket-sized song book, *East-West Songs,* was prepared by IVWC in 1960. Other very useful collections of authentic folk songs have been made, especially by the International Girl-Scouts-Guides and church groups. A classified list of 700 songs from 50 nations, with additional data on recordings and tapes for teaching can be had on request by writing: Informal Music, R. R. #1, Delaware, Ohio.

Start your own collection of folk songs from original sources. For example, many thousands of international students from 70 nations are now studying in the United States. Most of them have songs from home that have not been written down or recorded. Make friends with them. Swap songs. Make a tape. Get words down, plus English translation.

Or do you know an elderly person in your family or in your community who remembers some of the early folk songs of their childhood? Tape these, too, and learn more about how the songs were used.

One example of a collecting of songs is Olga Seastrom. While still in her teens, she went to a Girl Scout roundup in Greece in 1958 and in a child-feeding project in a small village she made a discovery: The people were immensely pleased when she asked them to teach her the Greek alphabet. They were eager to write down words (in Greek) for a lovely song about almond trees. She remembered the tune easily; she learned the words in Greek; she made friends, and started a most rewarding hobby. She now has six little notebooks filled with 500 original songs from many nations. A small selection of 40 favorite songs from 24 countries can be had by writing: Olga Seastrom, 15 South Fifth Street, Easton, Pa.

How can you learn new folk songs? You probably belong to a youth group which meets regularly. If your adult counselor or minister is not skilled in music, enlist a trained music leader, parent or teacher who will help your group learn the tunes correctly. Select an appropriate song book providing each member of the group with a copy of his own, which he can take home. Perhaps the best collection in print is *Songs of Many Nations.* The gray-colored 12th edition (1962) has 80 folk songs from 30

aations, plus a dozen popular spirituals and 46 great hymns and canons.

If a competent leader is not always available, a good coaching aid to mateur leadership is the album of teaching records for *Songs of Many Nations.* All songs in the 1962 edition are carefully recorded. You can purchase the album for six dollars from the Department of Specialized Ministries, Division of Christian Education, United Church Board for Homeand Ministries, 1505 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa.

For individual study, tape recordings are now available on 500 internanal folk songs on rental basis at five cents a day for half-hour units of 60 songs, many bi-lingual. It is better yet to get four to 12 like-minded riends together for an hour of browsing and singing once a week. In n hour you can learn five new songs and review a dozen partly-learned ongs. In half a year it is easy to jump your folk song repertory from 50 to 00 songs. Lists and details of Tape Repertory Folk Songs are available on equest from: Lynn Rohrbough, Informal Music, Delaware, Ohio.

The future of good singing depends on good leadership. One the best training projects of recent years was the United Presbyterian ummer Music Caravan of 1961-62. Twenty teenagers were recruited from wide area and brought together for a three-day intensive training session a camp. All the skills of the group were utilized, including violins, windnstruments, two horns, a guitar. Intensive work on part singing of folk nd sacred songs was directed by two good choir leaders. Then they started two-week tour in four states, singing at churches and summer camps, robably to 300 to 500 people in each place. But the vital element in this aravan approach was that each youth took a turn leading a song for the ublic meetings. For example, at the dinner session in Columbus, Ohio, onio Malava, Puerto Rican from the Bronx, announced that they would ing *Las Mananitas*, printed in their little program, in Spanish. The audince laughed, but not for long, because all 20 of the caravan group, seated t different tables, hit the first line in Spanish with confidence, and the whole group joined in, and at the end cheered themselves. Each teenager ad a turn at announcing and leading a song. Thus, with group backing, e gained confidence and poise in song leading. Needless to say, all twenty re using their new skills back home.

Pocket songbooks with 100 songs, words and music at 30 cents, is within ch of every person. In Europe many kids carry a song book everywhere hey go. They know hundreds of songs, and often use their song book to rite autographs and birthdays in the margins. In our country, American outh have a heritage worth carrying on through its folk music. And as a ation dedicated to peace, youth are called to unite in singing with their rothers everywhere. As one man has said, "Music is the only universal ongue."

—LYNN ROHRBOUGH

BELLA CASA
ITALIAN RESTAURANT
PIZZERIA
TERMITE PROOF
YOUR HOME
MONEY ORDERS

HOW SHALL WE SING THE LORD'S SONG IN A STRANGE LAND?

. . A COMMENT ON PSALM 137

The Babylonians wanted to have a good laugh. When they carried the Jews into captivity, they asked them to sing the songs of their faith. In answer, the Jews hung their harps beside the waters and wept. In answer, they cried out in anguish against their tormentors and asked that the heads of the Babylonian children be dashed against rocks. In answer, the songs stuck in the throats of the Jews and burned on their lips and churned in their guts, yearning to be freed and yet unable to burst forth. The Jews were captive to the Babylonians and the songs were captive inside those who believed in the Lord, for the Jews did not understand how they could sing the Lord's song in a strange land or that the Lord could hear them sing wherever they were.

We make the same mistakes. We weep with the Jews as we hang our harps beside the waters of life. We are held captive by the lands of Babylonia pressing in on each of us—lands of self-respect, or self-acceptance or self-control. We dash heads against rocks as we condemn the persons who disagree with us or as we ignore those we want to hurt. We say that the Jews were silly to believe that the Lord could only be present in Israel, and yet we choose to go to the church with the best gothic architecture or the same color congregation, "because we can worship better there." If the songs seem to stick in our throats it may be because we are embarrassed to turn the world right-side-up in love and be called a good guy, or because we are afraid to encounter someone else's laughter and feel the pain of vulnerability.

We make the Lord's land strange. We make the Lord's song strange. We make ourselves strange to the Lord and the land—because we like to think a termite-proof house will make a home, or that a street full of parking meters and advertisements is not as "close" to the Lord as a grassy hill in the sunset. We close our eyes to the sacredness of the gutter and forget that this very sacredness may be the blasphemous cutting edge of the gospel.

Shall we pick up our harps beside the waters of life? Shall we deafen the sounds of a good laugh by hearing the joy of the Lord's song? Shall we risk the discovery that Babylonia is not such a strange land?

—JOAN HEMENWAY

"DOMINIQUE" / *Innocen*

"Dominique, nique, nique
S'en allait tout simplement"

Everybody's humming it Thousands are singing it But who in this monolingua land of ours knows what it' all about?

With record sales of *The Singing Nun* mounting to the million mark already the runaway pop song fo November and Decembe and well into the new yea was "Dominique." Th most lilting of the seve songs sung in French b the Belgian nun, Soeur Sou rire (Sister Smile), "Domi nique" has already brough fame and fortune to th Catholic convent where th

lk song or bigotry set to music?

songs were recorded. For the first Christmas season in years, thank God, "Rudolph" was red-nosed out of first place on those inescapable dime-store record players while we in the captive audience were buying our ribbons and wrappings.

With all the attention on Sister Sourire, what about the song itself? Who was this "Dominique"? Why sing about him?

THE REAL DOMINIC

"Dominique," of course, is simply the French spelling for St. Dominic (1170-1221 A.D.), an itinerant Spanish Christian priest who founded in the 13th century the Dominican Order and who was later declared a saint by the Roman Catholic Church. Sister Sourire's song, mixing fact and fancy and pious legend, celebrates the doughty Dominic's success in preaching and teaching. Such religious folk songs abounded in medieval Christendom.

So what? So far nothing worth crowing or clawing about. Who cares with a tune so delightful?

Trouble is, a few angry Protestant bugles are trying to summon the faithful to the ramparts. If some find in the song a harmless *potpourri* others find in it an insidious Popery. "Bigotry set to music!" one Protestant leader indignantly has labelled the little French song. Dr. Duke McCall, president of Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, says the best-selling disc "recalls with pride the inquisition by which the Dominican Order persecuted the Albigensians in the 13th century."

"The general public is unknowingly being deceived," complained a couple in Livonia, Michigan, to the National Council of Churches "because they are not familiar with the real meaning of the French words."

The plot thickens. We'd better shake the dust from our tomes of church history and check the record.

SICK, SICK, SICK RELIGION

How many know that the earliest and most dangerous distortion of Christian faith, against which the first chapter of the Fourth Gospel and the Apostles' Creed are directed, was not a denial of the life of the spirit or of the divinity of Jesus? Just the opposite! The first and most enduring temptation to the church was to deny the goodness of the *body* and the full *humanity* of the Lord of the church. The two really go together. If life in the body is essentially evil, how could the Word have "become flesh"? How could Christ have been really "conceived

A comparison of three versions of "Dominique" illustrates the problem of translating the poetry of one language into the poetry of another without a change of meaning.

Dominique, nique, nique
S'en allait tout simplement,
Routier pauvre et chantant
En tous chemins en tous lieux,
Il ne parle que du Bon Dieu.

A l'époque où Jean-sans-Terre
D'Angleterre était le roi,
Dominique, notre père,
Combattit les Albigeois.

Certain jour un hérétique
Par des ronces le conduit,
Mais notre père Dominique
Par sa joie le convertit.

Ni chameau ni diligence,
Il parcourt l'Europe è pied,
Scandinavie ou Provence
Dans la sainte pauvreté.

Enflamma de toutes écoles
Filles et garçons pleins d'ardeur,
Et pour semer la Parole
Inventa les Frères Prêcheurs.

Chez Dominique et Ses Frères
Le pain s'en vint à manquer,
Et deux anges se présentèrent,
Portant deux grands pains dorés.

Dominique vit en rêve
Les prêcheurs du monde entier,
Sous le manteau de la Vierge
En grand nombre rassemblés.

Dominique, mon bon père,
Garde nous simples et gais
Pour annoncer à nos frères
La Vie et La Vérité.

Dominic, oh Dominic,
Over the land he plods along
And sings a little song,
Never looking for reward,
He just talks about the Lord.

At a time when John Lackland
Over England was the king,
Dominic was in the backland
Fighting sin like anything.

Now a heretic, one day,
Among the thorns forced him to crawl.
Dominic with just one prayer
Made him hear the good Lord's call.

Without horses or fancy wagon,
He crossed Europe up and down.
Poverty was his companion,
As he walked from town to town.

To bring back the straying liars.
And the lost sheep to the fold,
He brought forth the Preaching Friars,
Heaven's soldiers, brave and bold.

One day, in the budding Order,
There was nothing left to eat.
Suddenly two angels walked in
With a load of bread and meat.

Dominic, once in his slumber,
Saw the Virgin's coat unfurled
Over Friars without number,
Preaching all around the world.

Grant us now, oh Dominic,
The grace of love and simple mirth,
That we all may help to quicken,
Godly love and truth on earth.

Dominique, nique, nique
Just went along simply a
Poor and singing man
On all his roads at all places
He spoke only about the good Lord.

At the time when John-without-land
Of England was the king,
Dominique, our father,
Fought the Albigenses.

One day a heretic
Led him into the blackberry brambles,
But our Father Dominique
By his joyfulness converted him.

Without camel or stage-coach,
He traversed Europe on foot,
Scandanavia or the Provence
In (his) holy poverty.

From all the schools
He inflamed boys and girls full of ardour,
And in order to sow the Word
He founded the Preaching Friars.

At the home of Dominique and his brothers
The bread ran out,
And two angels appeared,
Carrying two big golden loaves (of bread).

In a dream Dominique saw
The preachers of the whole world,
Under the mantle of the Virgin
Reassembled in great numbers.

Dominique, my good father,
Keep us simple and joyful
To announce to our brothers
The Life and the Truth.

. . . born . . ."? How could he have "suffered . . . died . . . been buried"? Surely unworthy of the Son of God!

If this revulsion against life in the body (really a denial of the goodness of God's creation) called forth a Christian answer in the Fourth Gospel and the Apostles' Creed in earlier centuries, so it also called forth the labors of Dominic and his Preaching Friars in the 13th century.

THOSE ALBIGENSES

By 1200 A.D. a weird religious sect called the Cathari ("the Pure") had gained an enormous following in France and was spreading throughout Europe. Sometimes called Albigenses because of their center in Albi in southern France, these seeming Christians had fallen prey to the same ancient temptation to reject earthly life as evil and the body as the soul's curse. In contrast with biblical faith, this group held the world to be a prison-house of the spirit. Therefore, the greatest evil must be reproduction.

Those "consoled" through a special sacrament became thereby "perfected." Yet to remain so, they had to avoid marriage, ownership of property, and to abstain from eating meat, milk or eggs (the results of animal reproduction—ugh!). Those who died "unconsoled," alas, would be reincarnated, perhaps in animal bodies until they made the grade up the ladder to perfection. Many Albigensians rejected the Old Testament, explained away Christ's body as illusion, and denied that he really could have died. Without these central material elements, the Cross and the sacraments likewise had to go. No incarnation for them!

NOT BY MIGHT . . .

Understandably, church leaders were deeply troubled by this perversion of the faith. Many suggested extermination of the heretics as if they were disease germs. But as I read the record, Dominic succeeded his friend, Diego of Acevedo, as leader of the movement which sought to correct such distortions of Christianity, not by ruthless suppression or annihilation, but by tireless teaching and preaching in a sort of medieval "fellowship of the committed."

Dominic himself even declined offers of important bishoprics in order to remain a traveling preacher like the apostle Paul, his model. At length his new Order of Preachers ("les Frères Prêcheurs" in the song) won official sanction in 1216. Dominic himself died five years later after insuring at least a partially democratic rule in the order only a year earlier.

Now it's quite true that within a century many leaders of the infamous nquisition were appointed from the "Dominican" Order—a nickname hich somehow stuck, like "Protestants" or "Methodists" in the church f a later age. But the cruel tortures of the Inquisition should hardly be id to the credit of the charitable Dominic. He himself would surely ave been dismayed by this as a betrayal of his original ideals of a ersuasive preaching order.

"KEEP US SIMPLE AND GAY"

The English translation of "Dominique" given on the record jacket esn't help much. Where the French says quite simply, "Dominic . . . combatted the Albigensians," the English gilds the lily: "Dominic as in the backland fighting sin like anything." Where the French sings, He lit fires of ardor in the hearts of girls and boys of all schools," the anslation finds Dominic bringing "back the straying liars, and the lost eep to the fold." The final stanza in a simpler rendering makes this oving appeal to the memory of Dominic:

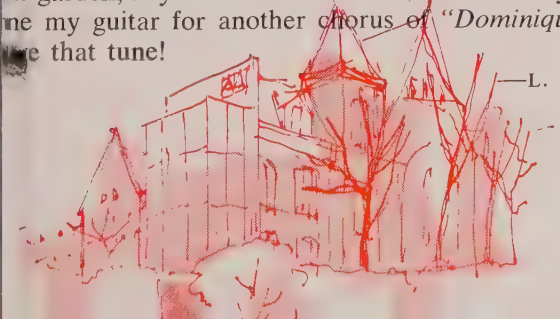
Dominic, my good father,
Keep us simple and gay,
The better to show our brothers
The Truth and the Way.

Dominic can help us avoid ponderous piety to remain *simples et gais,* ore power to him!

If a consistent Protestant is intent on rooting out Roman Catholic fluence in his songs, he'd better start with his own hymnal. If he looks osely, he'll find that Frederick Faber's "Faith of Our Fathers" is re-embering that "dungeon, fire, and sword" to which Protestants had bjected Catholics. When John Henry Newman prays (and we sing) Lead, Kindly Light," he's celebrating his pilgrimage from his Protestant ginnings to his Roman endings.

You can spend your time pulling Catholic weeds out of your Protes-nt garden, if you wish. As for me, I'm too busy. For one thing, gotta ne my guitar for another chorus of *"Dominique, nique, nique . . ."* e that tune!

—L. ALEXANDER HARPER



A sketch by the Singing Num of the convent at Fichermont.

we held our own

HOOTENANNY

veral masterminds had a brainstorm at a planning meeting. Our uth group needed money for a two-way foreign exchange program ich our local church was sponsoring. We asked ourselves: What fund-sing idea would appeal to almost everyone, be fun to work on, and l be something different and worthwhile? The "usual" ideas were tted around and down. Then someone noted that folk singing is the ent rage everywhere and our town had never had a hootenanny.

A great idea! But could we do it? "Let's try!" was the reply. And so, w do you go about planning a "hoot"? It was all new to us.

We did not want to hold the hootenanny in our church, because we re afraid of the acoustics in our social hall. But also, because we nted everyone who came to feel that this was something purely social l not a "come-on" for a religious "commercial." We felt that there

was value enough in providing opportunity for teens of all sorts of backgrounds to sing together these folk songs of praise and protest.

Where to hold the hoot? We wanted a room or hall that had a warm atmosphere, preferably a place where teens are used to going. And so we decided on the social hall at our town's new YMCA. It is large, well-ventilated, and adaptable to many purposes.

What date should we select? When was the hall available? When would teens in town most likely be free for a "hoot"? What were competing dates to avoid? On the Saturday night after Thanksgiving was our town's annual pre-Christmas parade. The long weekend meant no homework. The parade meant a big crowd of kids in town with nowhere to go afterwards. No school games. No dances scheduled. So that was our date.

Where do we go to get talent? We knew that the success of this hoot depended on our getting good talent. We couldn't afford big money for big name talent, but we did want at least one professional performer—someone who from past experience knows what he or she is doing, who has a genuine feeling for folk-singing and its heritage, and who has the personality and skill to keep an audience involved and interested. Such a performer would help draw a crowd and add stature to our hoot.

By chatting with local folk-singing fans, we were advised to check with responsible persons at neighboring colleges or at radio or TV stations, or folk-singing societies in the large cities nearby. And so, through a contact in Philadelphia, we learned of Mrs. Jackie Pack, folk-singing teacher and performer. She was highly recommended by a fellow folk-singer and by someone who had seen her work with teens before. When Jackie agreed to come (see photo), we had our "star."

As we talked with Jackie, she gave us wise counsel in programming our hoot. She said that in planning for a two-hour concert(plus a 15-minute intermission), we might use from four to six "acts." The more taking part, the greater potential ticket sales for the concert. But, she cautioned us, don't sacrifice quality for quantity. Having too many acts is as bad as having too few.

When choosing talent, Jackie said, always keep in mind that variety is the spice of a good program. We learned that there are many different kinds of folk acts—Blue Grass Groups, Country and Western groups, Ballad Singers, Blues Singers, Gospel groups, Commercial groups (a la Peter, Paul and Mary, or the Kingston Trio), and so forth. But this was too technical for us at this stage.

We knew several of our classmates at school who were good at folk-singing and they gladly agreed to perform free of charge when we invited them to take part in our hoot. They were eager for the experience

And to hold our program together as emcee, we needed someone no was at home with an audience of teens. And so we selected a social udies teacher who is popular with the kids.

How shall we pace the program? Jackie advised us to have a strong d lively opening act so that the pace will be set for a real swinging time. oting that the order in which the performers appear is important, she utioned us not to line up back to back similar-sounding "folks." In her words, Jackie said don't let two single-performing female ballad agers follow one another. Put a male group between them. Usually e boys far outnumber the girls, so space your young ladies throughout ur program.

nd save your "pro" for last, we were told. The last spot is tradition- y the "star spot." Give him (or her or them) at least a half-hour or ore to perform. And perhaps at the end, bring all performers out for "finale."

Since in our group we like to sing a lot, we tried to pace our hoot th a balance of both performing by the "acts" and group participation the audience. We wanted our hoot to be a singing hoot as well as a

listening one. We felt it would be more fun that way. But it takes good leadership for group singing.

Word spread fast among the kids about our hootenanny. We also put an ad and an advance story in the local newspaper. But we were worried, for our advance ticket sales did not go very well, even though our treasurer had offered a glass fly swatter to the lucky person who sold the most tickets! We were charging one dollar per person (and $1.50 per couple). And so, on the night of the hootenanny, we were quite pleased when 270 young people turned out. We handed out song sheets with words to the most popular folk songs—"Blowin' in the Wind," "If I Had a Hammer," "Where Have All the Flowers Gone," etc.

To set the stage for the hoot, we had a raised platform about ten feet wide and ten inches off the floor. Since we had no stage, Jackie had urged us to do something in terms of a temporary stage to get our performers a little removed from our audience. As she said, "It adds that intangible but necessary line between the artist and the crowd."

We used microphones and spotlights on the "stage." The rest of the room was dark. There were no chairs. Everyone in the audience sat on the floor using blankets, pillows, bear rugs, coats, newspapers, or whatever they brought along to sit on.

Those of us who had worked hard were nervous. Would the kids like our hootenanny? Various acts came on. The crowd responded. The intermission hummed with excitement. Then Jackie Pack came out on the stage. She had a guitar, a stool, and a Lebanese drum. Her warm smile, her easy manner, and her firm control of the situation won approval.

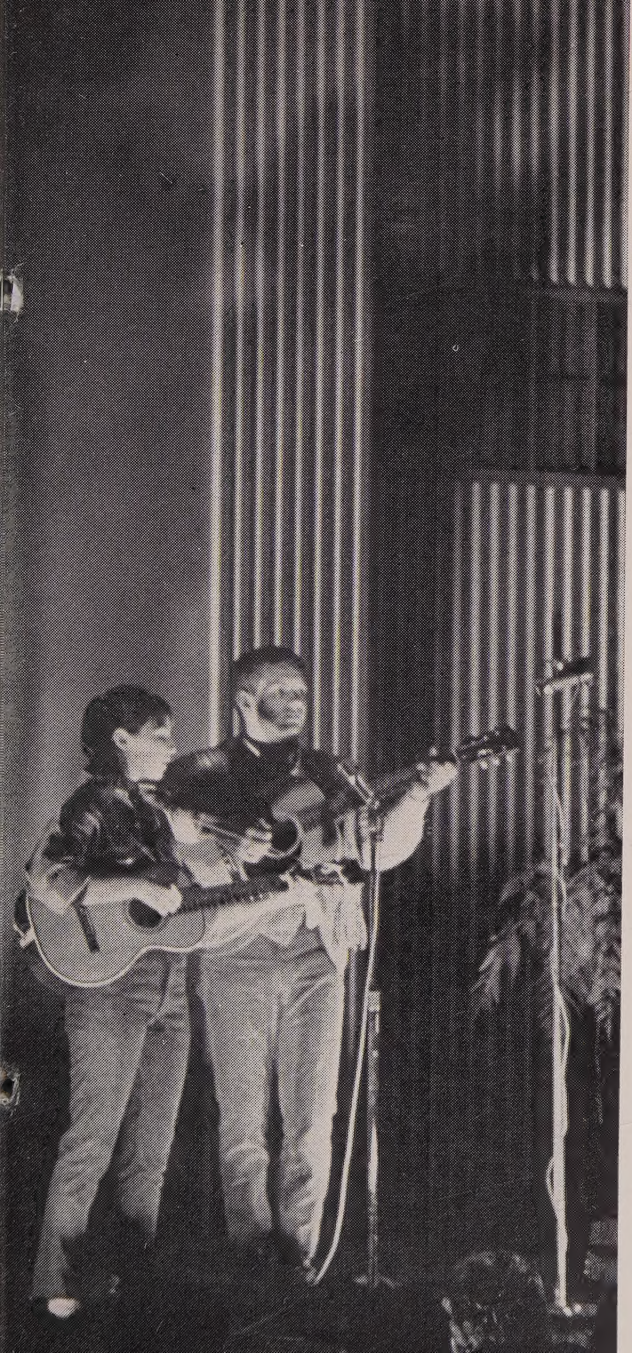
She sang old English protest tunes, Negro spirituals, modern folk songs, and songs of other nations. She taught us new songs and led us in the familiar ones. After several encores, we knew the group admired her as much as we did.

And then it was over. And everyone was gone except for us who had planned it all. Where once we had been nervous and doubtful, we were now confident and happy. We cleaned up the hall and went home.

It had been a gamble for us, for it was the first hootenanny we had ever organized and it was the first one for our town. But it was such a hit that we followed it two months later with a second hoot. It was more successful than the first—we were more relaxed in planning, we had more kids turn out, we all had more fun. And our International Christian Youth Exchange program has benefited in additional funds.

No doubt the newness of this national fad will fade, but at least for the present the kids around our town are already asking, "When is the next hoot?"

—GAIL FORBES



For they that carried us awa
captive required of us a song .